

A N
O C C A S I O N A L
O R A T O R I O. *K*

As it is Perform'd at the
THEATRE-ROYAL in Covent-Garden.

Selected from the most celebrated Compositions of the late
GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, Esq.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. and R. T O N S O N in the Strand.

[Price One Shilling.]

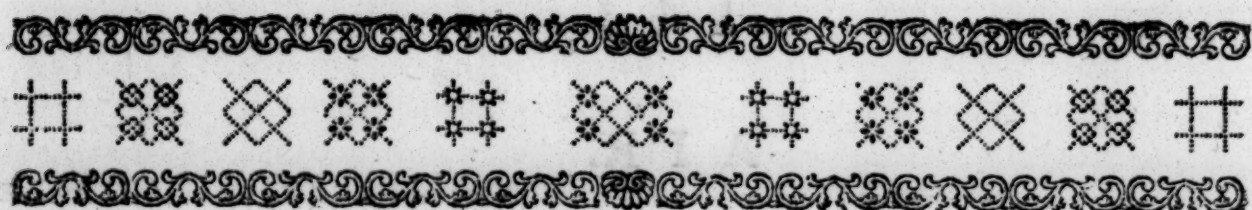
EXTRACT FROM THE REPORT OF THE
COMMISSIONER OF THE LAND OFFICE
FOR THE YEAR 1880
IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, JANUARY 18, 1881

RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED
TO THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
JANUARY 18, 1881

42
9 28
120



Printed at the Government Printing Office
Washington, D. C.
1881



A N
O C C A S I O N A L
O R A T O R I O.

P A R T *the* F I R S T.

R E C I T A T I V E *accompany'd.*

JEHOVAH Lord! how great, how wond'rous great,
How glorious is thy Name through all the Earth!
When I behold the Heavens, thy Finger's Art,
The Moon, and Stars which thou so bright hast set
In the pure Firmament, then saith my Heart,
Lord what is Man, that thou remember'st him!

A 2

A I R.

A I R.

*Lord God of Hosts, to whom the Pray'r
Of contrite Souls is dear;
Thou God, our Shield, propitious prove,
And thy anointed hear;
For in thy Courts one Day to be,
Is better, and more blest,
Than in the joys of Vanity
A thousand Days at best.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

The highest, who in Heaven doth dwell,
Shall laugh to scorn his Enemies,
The Lord shall speak to them in his Wrath,
And in his fell and fierce Ire trouble them.
For I (saith He) have anointed him my King;
My chosen King, on Sion's holy Hill.

A I R.

*Fly from the threat'ning Vengeance, fly;
Ere it is too late
Avoid your Fate,
The Bolt once thrown, ye surely die:
Put not your Trust
In the Unjust,
Who lift their Heads so high.
Fly from,*

Da Capo.

R E C I -

R E C I T A T I V E *accompany'd.*

Humbled-with Fear, and awful Reverence,
 Before the Footstool of his Majesty,
 Throw thyself down with trembling Innocence,
 Nor dare to cast thy weak, thy dazzled Eye
 On the dread Face of that great Deity,
 For fear, lest if he chance to look at thee,
 Thou turn to nought, and quite confounded be.

A I R.

*His Scepter is the Rod of Righteousness,
 With which he bruises all his Foes to Dust,
 And the great Dragon strongly doth repress
 Under the Rigor of his Judgment just:
 His Seat is Truth, to which the Faithful trust:
 From whence proceed her Beams so pure and bright,
 That all about him sheddeth glorious Light:
 His Scepter is the Rod of Righteousness,
 With which he bruises all his Foes to Dust.*

A I R.

*Be wise at length, ye Kings averse,
 Be taught, ye Judges of the Earth,
 With Fear Jehovah serve.*

C H O-

C H O R U S.

*Be wise at length, ye Kings averse,
Be taught, ye Judges of the Earth,
With Fear Jehovah serve: Or brought full low,
With iron Scepter bruis'd, and then dispers'd,
Scatter'd like Sheep, ye perish in your Way.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Of many Millions the populous Rout,
I fear not, tho' incamping round about
They pitch their Tents against me,
My God will rise, my Help is in the Lord.

A I R:

*Jehovah is my Shield, my Glory;
Him thro' my Story
Th' Exalter of my Head I count;
Aloud I cry'd,
He soon reply'd,
And heard me from his holy Mount:
I lay and slept, and wak'd again,
The Lord himself did me sustain.
Jehovah is my Shield, &c. Da Capo.*

R E C I-

R E C I T A T I V E.

Madmen or Fools stand not within thy Sight,
 All Workers of Iniquity thou hat'st,
 And them, unblest, thou wilt destroy;
 The bloody and guileful Man thou dost detest.
 Let thankful Man obedient bow the Head;
 And in loud Anthems celebrate thy Name.

A N T H E M.

C H O R U S.

*Sing unto God ye Kingdoms of the Earth,
 O sing Praises unto his Name.*

Solo. *Blessed are all they that fear the Lord:
 O well is thee and happy shalt thou be.*

Accomp. *Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting
 to everlasting!*

C H O R U S.

*And let all the People say Amen. Hallelujah. Amen.
 Praise ye the Lord, blessed be the Lord,
 From everlasting to everlasting, Amen, Hallelujah.
 Amen.*

End of the First Part.

PART the SECOND.

A I R.

O Liberty! thou Goddess bright,
Profuse of Bliss and sweet Delight;
Eternal Pleasures with thee reign,
And Plenty leads thy smiling Train;
Thou mak'st the Face of Nature gay,
And giv'st fresh Beauty to the Day.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Methinks prophetic Visions from above
Descend upon me, Britain's better Days
Break forth at once, a long and shining Train.

A I R.

War with sullen Steps retiring,
Peace returns, Delight inspiring,
Art and Nature both befriending,
Death, and all his Horrors, ending;
 Raise to Peace the joyful Song.
Fields again with Harvests waving,
Streams unstain'd the Meadows laving,
Give us Plenty, Health, and Pleasure,
Blameless Pride, and rightful Treasure;
 Let thy Reign O Peace! be long.

C H O-

C H O R U S.

*May God, from whom all Mercies spring,
Bless the true Church, and save the King!
With firm united Hearts we all
Will conquer in his Cause, or fall.*

May God, &c. Da Capo.

R E C I T A T I V E.

The Lord hath heard my Pray'r,
Mine Enemies shall all be blank and dash'd
With much Confusion; then grown red with Shame,
They shall return in haste the Way they came,
And in a Moment shall be quite abash'd.

A I R.

*God is my Strength, my Treasure,
Peace dwells with him, and Pleasure,
Safe are his holy Ways;
What Foe should Virtue fear?
She needs nor Shield, nor Spear,
The Lord, her help, is near,
Resound Jehovah's Praise.*

C H O R U S.

*All his Mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.*

B

A I R.

A I R.

*Why, ah why do Mortals erring,
 Ev'ry Danger too thoughtless incurring,
 Good refuse, and Ill preferring,
 Leave the Paths of Righteousness?
 " Running thus to certain Ruin,
 " Fools, what is it you're pursuing,
 " Lasting Pain through transient Bliss.*

D U E T.

*After long Storms and Tempests overblown,
 The Sun, at length, his joyful Face doth clear;
 Thus after Fortune's Rage is shown,
 A blissful Hour at last is known,
 Else would afflicted Man despair.* Da Capo.

R E C I T A T I V E accompany'd.

*To God, our Strength, sing loud and clear,
 Sing loud to God our King,
 To Jacob's God, that all may hear,
 Loud Acclamations ring.*

A I R.

*Prepare the Hymn, prepare the Song,
 The Timbrel hither bring;
 The chearful Psaltry bring along,
 And Harp with pleasant String.*

C H O.

C H O R U S.

*Prepare the Hymn, prepare the Song,
The Timbrel hither bring;
The chearful Psaltry bring along,
And Harp with pleasant String.*

A I R.

*Tell me, ye starry Host,
What are the Rays ye boast;
Whence do your Glories take their rise?
Father! the Work is thine,
Thou giv'st their Orbs to shine,
Sun, Moon, and Stars thro' thee illumine the Earth, and Skies.
God is the Father, He
Light of the World must be;
Or Dark, for ever dark, wou'd wretched Man remain,
In his paternal Love,
His Creatures live, and move,
He is the Life and Light, all without him were vain.*

Da Capo.

C H O R U S.

*Hallelujah, your Voices raise,
Jehovah, Lord of Hosts, to praise. Hallelujah.*

End of the Second Part.



PART *the* THIRD.

CHORUS.

I Will sing unto the Lord
For he hath triumphed gloriously,
The Horse and his Rider hath he thrown into the Sea.

AIR.

Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in
The Mountain of thine Inheritance, in the place
O Lord, which thou hast made for thee to dwell in,
In the Sanctuary, O Lord, which thy Hands have established.

CHORUS.

Who is like unto thee, O Lord, amongst the Gods?
Who is like thee? Glorious in Holiness!
Fearful in Praises! doing Wonders!

AIR.

A I R.

*The Lord doth great and mighty Things
For righteous Nations, righteous Kings;
But bends his Bow, and whets his Sword
'Gainst all who scorn his sacred Word.*

C H O R U S.

He gave th' Egyptians Storms for Rain.

C H O R U S.

*He gave them Hailstones for Rain,
Fire mingled with the Hail ran along upon the Ground.*

A I R.

*When warlike Ensigns wave on high,
And Trumpets pierce the vaulted Sky,
The frighted Peasant sees his Field,
For Corn, an iron Harvest yield.*

*No Pasture on the Plain appears,
And rural Joys are chang'd to Tears;
Be calm, and Heav'n will soon dispose
To future Good our present Woes.*

R E C I -

R E C I T A T I V E.

And see the mystic Essence now descends,
 Spirit of Peace, while from his Wings he shakes
 The healing Dew of Concord ; lo ! where late
 The Raven snuff'd his Prey, and the fierce Tide
 Of War laid desolate ; the Olive rears
 His verdant Branches ; and the gentle Dove
 Cooes to its Mate ; blest be the sacred Voice,
 That cry'd to Devastation, hold ! that wrested
 The Sword from mad Ambition, and conferr'd
 The Blessings of Tranquility and Safety
 Upon the harrafs'd World.

A I R.

*Glorious Victors, who, subduing,
 Seek not Fame from boundless Ruin,
 But with Conquest Mercy blend —
 Cease, ye Nations, cease your Quarrels,
 What are Trophies, what are Laurels ?
 Peace can nobler Honours lend.*

C H O R U S.

*Millions unborn shall bless the Hand,
 That gave Deliv'rance to the Land.*

A I R.

A I R.

*Calm Peace appearing,
Each Prospect clearing,
New Lustre paints the Sky,
All Clouds before her fly,
O Peace! thou Star divine,
With Influence benign,
Long may thy Glory shine!*

D U E T. *

*Let Cæsar and Urania live!
Let all Delights the Stars can give,
Upon the royal Pair descend!
Let Discord to the Shades be driv'n!
While Earth and Sky our Songs attend,
And thus our loyal Vows ascend,
O! preserve 'em Heav'n!*

A N T H E M.

*Blessed are all they that fear the Lord:
God save the King!
Long live the King!
May the King live for ever! Hallelujah! Amen.*

* By Purcell.

F I N I S.

[10]

A. M.

Each of these
New England
All of these
O. P. & C. Co.
New England
Long way to the
Long way to the

D. U. T.

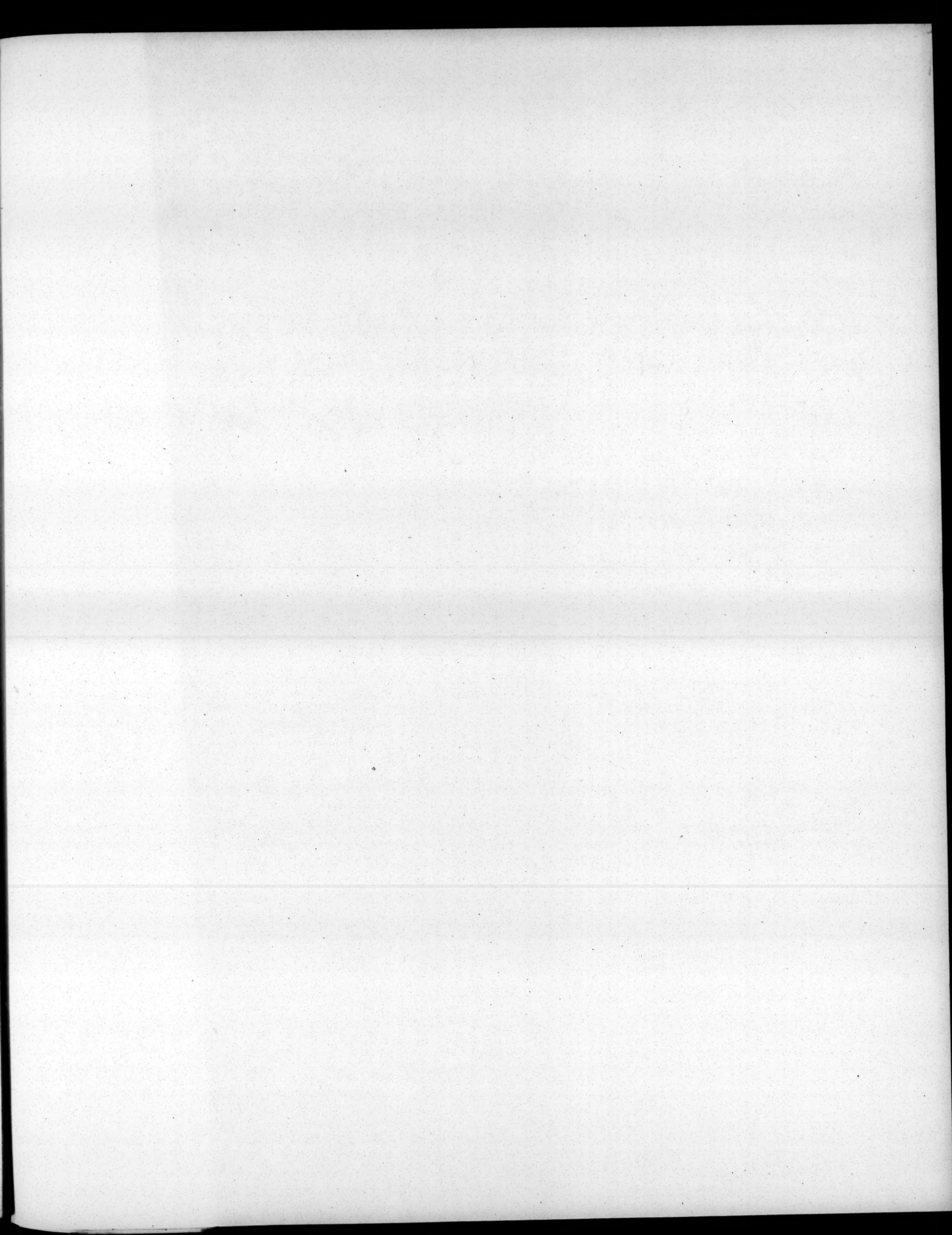
In the
In the
In the



A. M. T. M.

Long way to the
Long way to the
Long way to the

A. M. T. M.



873. 6. 17

John Pitton
his book on Biography
at the free market fair
in Portsmouth
the 1st of July 1735.
